Towers of Sand

Songs on select poetry of
Digby Mackworth Dolben (1848-1867)

for

Baritone and Piano

by

Justin Henry Rubin

Harvey Music Editions
Towers of Sand

Songs on select poetry of Digby Mackworth Dolben (1848-1867)

I: A Sea Song

Piacevole, con espressione  \( \frac{3}{4} = 36 \)

music: Justin Henry Rubin (2012)

In the days before the high tide swept away the towers of sand Built by the children of the land,

risonante

a tempo primo
Poco rit.   poco meno mosso

Pale, up-on the pal-lid bea-ches, Thirs-ting on sands,  
E-ver cried I to the

Rit.   a tempo

Dis-tance, E-ver sea-ward spread my hands.

a tempo primo (poco più mosso)   Poco rit.   a tempo

See, they come, they come, the rip-ples,  
P See, they come,

Poco rit.   a tempo

they come, the rip-ples,  
Sing-ing fast and low, and low, and low,
Meet long-ing sea-shores, Clasp them, long-ing sea-shores,

kiss them, kiss them, kiss them once, 

and go, and go, and go.

Stay, sweet Ocean, satisfy desires into rest...

Not a word the Ocean answered, Rolling
sunward down the west.

Then I wept: "Oh, who will give me To behold the sea,

On whose tideless shores forever Sounds of waters,

waters be?"
II: Beautiful, oh beautiful--

Scorrendo, con vaghezza  \( \text{\textcopyright} \)  70
In beautiful...

all the mountain passess...

Poco rit.

The plenteous doers of April showers, Which lightly
a tempo

Rit.

a tempo

ev - very spring a - mass - es,  To bring thro' sum - mer drought

quasi-martellato

Poco rit.  mp  a tempo

The blos - som - ing of the

lightly

Poco rit.  a tempo  Rit.

grass - es. Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - full, oh beau - ti - ful A - pril...

36

a tempo

Poco rit.

mp

quasi-martellato

The
April of the ages, Which sweetly brought its showers of lightly

thought to its poets... quasi-martellato

Oh Beau - ti - ful, oh

Poco rit.  a tempo

Rit.  a tempo

Poco rit.  a tempo
Now beau-ti-ful...

stored a-way our thirst to stay...

Molto rit.
III: We hurry on, nor passing note

Affretando \( \frac{\text{d}}{\text{4}} = 104 \)
We hurry on, nor passing note

Poco rit.

rounded hedges white

With May...

a tempo

For golden, for golden clouds before us float

To

Poco rit.

lead our dazzled sight astray.
Molto rit.

We say, "they shall in-

deed be sweet

Poco rit.

to be...

mur-mur at our feet...

Poco rit.

The sum-mer days to be,

The a-ges, the a-ges

Love to make our
from above, a little love, a little life, A glimpse

Poco rit. a tempo

lit - tle love, Young men re-joic-ing in their youth...

A doubt - ful twi-light

Poco rit. a tempo

A lit - tle life, a
of, Beauty, Beauty

and of Truth...

And then, no doubt, spring

love-li-nesss Ex-press'd in haw-thorns white and red,

The sprou-ting of the
Poco rit.  

meadow grass, a little life, a little love,  

But church —

yard weeds about our

Poco rit.

head.

Rit.  

a tempo
IV: Enough

Sonoramente, con durezza \( \frac{4}{4} = 70 \)

When all my words, When all my songs were sung, were said,
I thought to pass among the
unforgettable dead, among the
A Queen of ruth, to reign
With her, who gathereth tears
From all the lands and all the

years,

That lovers, when they wove Should sigh with mingled breath

Beneath the wings of... Should sigh with mingled... Beneath the wings of Love...
Yet now, O Love, that

you Have kissed my head, I Have sung indeed,

can die, And be forgotten too, forgotten

a tempo Poco rit. Molto rit.